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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

EDUCATION.

A Letter to the Reverend Canon Rogers on the Appropriation of the Dunstanville Fund.
By Sir Charles Lemon, Bart. London, 1838.
Ridgway, Piccadilly.

A HUNDRED prejudices congregate around the idea of rendering education, in any shape, a *practical* thing; of devoting two or three years of the school-life of a boy to the acquisition of those great general principles of practical knowledge, of which the business of his subsequent life is to be the special application, and commencing an *apprenticeship* to the profession or trade which he is ultimately to pursue at school. This idea, nevertheless, prevails through every class of society—it presents itself to the mind of every man who has children to educate and provide for, and is a constant subject of comment and discussion. A classical education, carried out even to the refinements and difficulties of philological criticism, is asserted by its opponents, and admitted to constitute a *feasible* if not a *natural* system of education, as every day's experience proves it to be a *practicable* one. But for a boy to understand the simple nomenclature of a practical science, such as chemistry, and to have any *positive* acquaintance with its few fundamental experiments—to be taught the leading principles and practical results of natural and experimental philosophy—to know the secrets of the more useful arts, and to acquire an idea of the general classification and the more remarkable habits of the beasts, and birds, and fishes, that walk the land, fly the air, and swim the ocean around him; all these things, considered as constituent elements of education, are held to be visionary and impracticable, if not useless; and thus the physical sciences, and the sciences of observation, if they find their way to the young mind at all, are allowed to reach it only under the meretricious form of some popular lecture; and rather as an occasional *interruption* to the course of graver studies, than as an important and essential part of the business of education itself.

Our system of education is undoubtedly *disused* in this matter. Far be from us the desire that classical learning should be deprived of her legitimate honours and her fitting place, but let her not sit thus, like an *incubus* upon the expanding intellects of our youth, and a counterpoise to the mighty efforts which science is, in our times, making to elevate the physical condition of our species. It is not, however, only in the view of the physical advantages which society may derive from it, that we look upon this subject with interest; that throbbing desire, those earnest and continual endeavours to drag to light the deep secrets of the natural world, which are the great intellectual characteristics of our era, are the true indication of a *healthy living principle of morals*. These things speak to the mind in language, rarely, we believe, mistaken, of a yet higher power than is to be found among the powers of nature, an existence distinct from, and antecedent to, the existing order of things, of yet higher capabilities of knowledge than have here their development, and yet higher destinies; and thus

guiding to the perception of contingent duties, and a contingent responsibility, become an active and pervading principle of morals, and a moving element of religious worship.

It is, we repeat it, a healthy and a *natural* occupation of the human mind, to *know* the material things which encompass it, and a high privilege, in creation, to recognise the Creator. It is the education, whose rudiments are found in the savage, by the simple efforts of his art, to mould the things around him to the uses and the comforts of his life, and which is perfected in the civilised man. Full long has this *natural* course of education been perverted by an eminently *artificial* system, adapted to another class of society, and another era of knowledge. This state of things, which cannot remain—

"Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret,
Et mala perquippe furtilis fastidia vicitrix."

Public opinion begins, through all its vast organisation, to manifest a change. Of this, evidence is to be found in the establishment of the University of London, and in the course of education which it prescribes for its degrees, embracing, with the mathematical sciences, those of experiment, as chemistry, &c.; and those of observation, as zoology, botany, &c. It is to be seen yet more strikingly in the establishment and the success of the schools which, under the name of schools of civil engineering, in the University of Durham, at King's College, and in the University College, give, in fact, that practical instruction in science which is the *LEGITIMATE* education not only of the civil engineer, but of every man connected with the manufacturing and the commercial industry of the country, and of every professional avocation dependent upon them.

Examples of the scientific character which the mechanical arts are from day to day assuming, and of the marvellous concurrence of the sciences which minister to each particular art, present themselves every where. Let us but take the art of the carpenter and builder; the labour of the miner; the manufacture and working of metals; the making of earthenware and porcelain or glass; the preparation of organic products for the use of man; the spinning, weaving, and dying of animal and vegetable fibres; the manufacture and colouring of paper; the extraction of vegetable principles; the arts of the tanner, the tallow-chandler, and soap-maker; of the sugar-baker, the brewer, and the distiller: the particular expedients of all these arts are now, for the most part, referred back to general principles of science, and in the enlightened and effectual pursuit of any one of them, a whole host of other arts, and a circle of sciences, will be found to concur. We have but to enter the walls of a great manufactory to find in operation, not only that particular process of art whence immediately results the staple produce of the manufactory, but the processes of a hundred other arts coadjutor of this; and the profitable application or the expensive neglect of as many recognised principles of science. If from the walls of the manufactory we direct our steps to some great work erected at the joint contributions of individual, or at the national expense, for the public convenience,—

to a canal, for instance, a railroad, or a bridge,—we find that every step made in its construction has been directed, or ought to have been directed, by principles of science. There is not one which does not manifest the exercise of mathematical skill in its design and execution, or the want of it; and a knowledge of experimental physics, and natural philosophy, and of geology, or an ignorance of these sciences, for which the public purse has had to pay, or the public convenience to suffer.

Let us now enter a mine, we shall find geology directing the working of its *lodges*, and mineralogy selecting its ore; let us ascend to the smelting-house, we shall find chemistry sitting by the furnace and guiding the assay; or, alas! it will, perhaps, be nearer the truth to say that we shall have *missed* all these sciences where their aid would have been of the utmost moment, and where, from their hands, benefit would have been largely contributed to the enterprise. All these master-efforts of human industry diverge from one great centre of physical knowledge; one urn yields light around to all, however varied may be the hues under which it is reflected from each in particular, and the intermingled shadows.

Let us not be accused of asserting any claims of theoretical above *practical* knowledge; the knowledge, the acquisition of which we advocate, is emphatically *practical* knowledge; and besides this knowledge, we claim for those that have received it a subsequent apprenticeship to the practical application of it, the *meanest* art or handicraft cannot be successfully pursued until the habit or practice of it has been acquired, and this is equally true of the greatest and noblest. What we contend for is a common basis of physical education; a groundwork and foundation of general physical knowledge on which the whole superstructure of the manufacturing, mining, and engineering interests of the country claim to be elevated.

It has, therefore, been with great satisfaction that we have learned the establishment of effective systems of *practical* scientific instruction in the three great institutions for education which have recently been established in this country, at Durham and in London; and that we now learn, from the pamphlet of Sir Charles Lemon, that a similar institution is contemplated in Cornwall. It appears that, of a sum raised by subscription for the erection of a column to the memory of Lord De Dunstanville, only three-eighths were actually expended, and that, by a vote of the subscribers, the remaining five-eighths were lodged in the hands of trustees, to be applied to some charitable purpose. It still remains to be appropriated; a considerable sum arises every year, as interest; and the majority of the subscribers are, it seems, desirous that it should be appropriated to the foundation of a college for mining and civil engineering. They propose, however, to proceed with caution; availing themselves only of the interest of the fund for the first three years, and trusting to public subscription for the surplus necessary beyond this sum, to found and carry on the institution. If, at the expiration of these three years, the college shall be found to realise the objects contemplated by its

founders, an *appropriation* of the fund to its further endowment seems to be contemplated. We heartily wish the enlightened men who have originated this plan success in their undertaking, and we entertain but little fear of it. Already the work of practical education is begun, and it fixes the attention of the public; large classes are, we believe, assembled both in London and at Durham. Some of the most eminent of our scientific men are engaged in the task. At Durham, Professors Chevalier (mathematics), Whithby (natural philosophy), Johnston (chemistry). At King's College, Professors Hall (mathematics), Moseley (mechanics, hydrostatics, &c. &c.), Daniell (chemistry), Wheatstone (experimental philosophy), Phillips (geology), and Mr. Bradley (machine drawing, and descriptive geometry). At University College, Professors De Morgan (mathematics), Silvester (mechanics, hydrostatics, &c. &c.), and Graham (chemistry). The names of these professors are a sufficient guarantee for the character of the instruction they will give; to the complete success of the system it is, however, desirable, that to each list one or two professorships of a more decidedly practical character should be added. We look for a distinct professorship of *mechanism*: mechanical combination is a distinct and separate exercise of the inventive faculty, and claims for the systematic development of it, under all its numerous forms, a distinct course of instruction, and the labours of a professor whose mind has received a special direction to it. The same may be said of a professorship which, under the name of a professorship of manufacturing art, should undertake to develop systematically the actual processes of manufacturing skill, as adopted in the best institutions of this country, and especially the organisation of the various parts of a manufactory, and the conditions of its profitable working. Above all, the professors should *desert their chairs*, and take to the actual business of teaching. Those of Cambridge have long set them the example. *Lectures*, properly so called, are there unknown. Subjects such as these, included in this course of science, are not to be taught except by personal and individual explanation, and by a particular adaptation of the instruction to the necessities of the pupil; all this is best effected (as the experience of our universities proves) by daily written and oral examination.

Young men thoroughly educated in a course like this, instead of having to seek, at the expense of an overgrown premium, admission to the office of some eminent civil engineer, or architect, or manufacturer, whose avocations scarcely allow of his devoting any portion of his time to their instruction, will find that their services have a positive value; they will be appreciated and sought.

A host of interested opponents will, no doubt, be found ready to discourage these rising schools, and to declare that our eminent engineers have received no such instruction, or needed it, but it is in vain. Evidence of the necessity of higher attainments in our engineers is before the public, and is now pretty generally admitted; it is opened, and intelligible to everybody, in the marvellous discrepancy of their estimates and their expenditure. Either they *are*, or they are *not*, possessed of the knowledge necessary to lay down, and compute truly, the cost of the works they undertake. As a profession, they bear a high character for honour and integrity, and they cannot be placed on the first horn of this dilemma; they must, therefore, take the second. The great problem of the removal of

the material of the excavations of a line of road, and the formation of its embankments, considered as a mathematical question of great complexity—a question of profound geological investigation, and a question of statistics—is one which every successive trial proves them unable to solve. It includes, indeed, a vast region of knowledge as yet unexplored, but not difficult of access and yet institutions such as these will soon bring within the common territory of practical attainment.

It would be wearisome to tell of the perils and fallen arches, which a few principles of science would have kept upon their legs, or of the expensive blunders which a want of geological knowledge has in some of the *tunnels* of our railroads entailed upon the public; and he who would set to work to calculate the amount of the tons of coal which will annually be sacrificed, and the amount of wear and tear of machinery which will annually be thrown away on the railroads now in progress, by hasty and injudicious selections of the *line*, by unnecessary *inclines* and by imprudent *curves*, would soon sit down wearied in the greatness of his way. Nor can a better account be given of the practice of the mining engineer.

"The total ignorance (says Mr. W. Phillips, in his paper on the veins of Cornwall in the 'Geological Transactions' for 1814), of every thing relating to the sciences of geology, and mineralogy, and, above all, chemistry, in the conductors of mines and their agents, is not only a matter of regret, but, it can hardly be doubted, is also the cause of much loss to the adventurers in mines, to the lords of the soil, and to the buyers of the ore. If a spirit of inquiry had existed, which some knowledge of these sciences could not have failed to produce, much cobalt would not have been thrown away upon the heaps of Dolcoath and some other mines; nor much bismuth, in Wheal Sparrow, have been mistaken for cobalt; nor would the roads have been mended with copper ore; nor would the ponderous ore which contained silver in Herland mine have been left to the chance which discovered its value. While in France and Germany there are national institutions for the education of those intended to conduct the working of mines in the three important branches of science above alluded to, and which are so intimately connected with their occupation, in this country all is left to accident; and the rich gifts which nature has lavished upon us are, consequently, often neglected."

True it is, that there have been *great* engineers and miners whose education in early life has been wholly neglected; there have, however, been men of extraordinary talents, and they have owed, in some cases, to those talents their elevation from the carpenter's bench to wealth and distinction. These talents have enabled them sometimes in after life, to achieve an excellent mathematical education, impelled by the want they have felt of it; in other cases they have been enabled (awkward, perhaps, but still safely) to dispense with mathematical knowledge in a degree, by the use of other men's rules and methods, and in a certain class of works. There is not, however, one of them who would not have felt his resources doubled by a scientific education, and who would not have admitted the fact.

But this is not the class of men likely to be formed of the crowd of half-educated youths who now throng the offices of our engineers, and at whose hands the public is, perhaps, destined largely to suffer. Nothing can, in engineering,

replace a sound education, except it be powerful talents and a thorough and long continued practice, carried to the minutest details, and acquired by actual labour. It is the last occupation which the friends of an *idle* or a *handsome* young gentleman should select for him; it is one to which the *mere expenditure of money*, and the exercise of interest, will never introduce him.

Crotchets in the Air; or, an (Un)Scientific Account of a Balloon Trip, in a Familiar Letter to a Friend. By John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," &c. 8vo. pp. 98. London, 1838. Colburn.

PAUL PRY in the sky, and without his umbrella, is a publication of promise. Peeping into the clouds, looking in at the little stars, seeing *en passant*, what the gentle-man of the moon is about; peering into all the public houses under their signs in the zodiac to discover if the virgin has any thing to do with the twins, if the lion has been thrashed by Van Amburgh, or if the tradesmen are all right in the scales; and going far, far beyond what we people of the earth earthly could imagine, seemed to open an interminable field for the new speculations of our peripatetic philosopher. Unfortunately, his narrative reached us at a most inconvenient hour last week (Friday night, when we could not attend to it, and all the periodical press were sure to run riot on such a *jeu d'esprit* between the last No. of the *Lit. Gaz.* and this); and the trip itself was, after all, only a Cockney ride to Wanstead, hardly out of the sound of Bow bell.

But is not the great Babylon subject enough for so observant a balloonist? truly it has been so: and this slight volume is a very amusing one. Mr. Poole always writes in a pleasing and polished vein, and a subcurrent of shrewd remark and caustic criticism runs through his most playful and facetious humours. Since ballooning, it is confessed, contributes nothing to useful or scientific information, it is well, in an instance like this, to find that it can be made to contribute to the passing of an entertaining hour. We will, therefore, now accompany our aeronaut. After some introductory matter he thus describes one of the phenomena of a trip into the air:—

"And, then, the noiselessness, the perfect quiet, which I have before alluded to! It is the sublime of stillness. They who have not heard it—do not add this expression to your collection of bulls—they who have not heard it (for the ear is affected by it) can form no idea of it. In the stillest night, on the quietest spot on earth, some sound is occasionally heard, how soft or slight soever they be—the ripple of water, the buzzing of an insect, the fall of a leaf. But, up there, you might fancy yourself living in an age antecedent to the creation of sound. There might you indulge to the uttermost in the luxury of thought, reflection, meditation; there revel in all the delights of imagination, with not the ruffling of a butterfly's wing to put your fancies to flight. And, then, for a certain society of architects of which you and I are members!—O Tom! such a place for building castles in the air!"

Before proceeding we may just notice a little nodding on the part of our aerial Homer. He sets out by asserting that the balloon does not rise, but that the solid globe recedes from it; but, forgetting this joke, he, by and by, tells us twice, that the balloon rose heavily (p. 27 and 28). Now we like consistency even in fun, and we equally object to the four turrets of Julius Cæsar's White Tower being converted into a stand of cruetts, and the soldiery being

visible in their evolutions. It may be true, but we don't think so; and stick up for proportions in a journey afoot. But we must not be critical even in jest; but treat our readers to some of Mr. Poole's most characteristic and amusing hits.

"Sights (he exclaims), oh! such sights! Gulliver not fabulous. Men and women six inches tall; and in proportion as we rose, they diminished—to five, four, three inches. I am glad I am down again, for I was imbibing a very contemptuous opinion of my species. I apprehend, however, this feeling is not peculiar to balloonists, but that it is common to very many who are placed but a little above their fellow-creatures: the height of a mere carriage-wheel will sometimes produce it. * * *

"Then there was the 'broad bosom of old Father Thames.' Broad! I looked down upon it at its broadest, excluding with my half-closed hand all other objects, and thought what a blockhead must be the architect of Waterloo Bridge to have built nine arches for it when one would have spanned it! Presently I looked at the bridge and wondered how the architect could be so stupid as to build so small a bridge for so wide a river! Had I been the architect, thought I, what a bridge you should have seen! It is astonishing, Tom, how wise we are, and how much better we understand things, even than they do whose business it is to understand them, when we see them imperfectly and at a distance! Since my return amongst you I have taken a nearer view of both bridge and river, and think the architect knows more about bridge-building than I gave him credit for."

The view of the Opera House suggests some quaint observations, and throughout we discover that theatrical affairs have much attraction for the author, no matter how high he is soaring above them.

"Tom (he says), I have an odd crotchet. I have long been trying to be ruined, and have not yet succeeded. Now, the first time you see advertised to be less'd 'that most desirable property,' such or such a theatre—but let it be a large one, for I have no desire to be ruined by halves, that I promise you—engage it for me. I shall be prepared to stake the usual sum required upon the adventure, namely, £60,000; nor would I haggle about an additional £0, or so. In consequence of my inexperience in management I may, the first season, be ruined for no more than three thousand, or four thousand pounds, and thereby be reduced to the necessity of taking nothing but a good house in town and setting up my cab. Next season I may have the misfortune to be ruined to the tune of five thousand or six, and thus be inhumanly compelled to add to my miseries a snug box in the country and a *caleche*. On the third and fourth seasons, ruin increasing to a degree intolerable, I shall be rudely driven out of my snug box and forced to take refuge in a handsome villa, with nothing to console me for the inconveniences and sufferings attendant upon my unhappy change of condition, but an additional equipage, a few more horses, and a

—. Tom, I will be ruined."

Having alluded to the Tower, we will transcribe the whole passage, which, notwithstanding our critique, is an uncommonly good one.

"And here we are over the Tower. What would Julius Caesar have said at seeing his White Tower, with its four turrets, converted into a stand of crucifixes! And here we saw some tiny red things placed all in a row: they moved first one way, then another; now they formed a line, now a square, and so forth. At the

Pantheon Bazaar you may see exactly a like toy, which, by merely pulling a bit of string, is made to perform similar evolutions. I wonder whether it be an expensive toy—one of much value—for it is the toy by which, or, strictly speaking, with which, national disputes are settled. This may appear very absurd; it is, nevertheless, true, and I'll tell you how the matter is managed, Tom. Suppose two great nations squabbling together as to which has the best right to a little bit of barren rock, lately thrown up by some convulsion of nature, somewhere in the Pacific Ocean; which little bit of rock is of no use to either party, and to the possession of which neither has the smallest right in the world. Well; this being 'just quarrel, upon the issue of which depends the very existence of this great nation,' says one; and this being also a 'just quarrel upon the issue of which depends the very existence of this great nation,' says the other: instead of settling the dispute by a sincere appeal to reason, common sense, and the common principles of justice—for, mind you, they both, in the first instance, make believe to do so—instead of that, they set about knocking to pieces each other's toys, and the party whose toys, 'by the aid of Divine Providence,' hold out the longest, takes rightful possession of the little bit of rock, and enjoys the invaluable privilege of blowing a horn and shouting 'Glorious victory!' into the bargain. Now that is it exactly; and if ever you and I should have the misfortune to come to a dispute, we will each purchase one of those toys at the Pantheon Bazar, and settle our misunderstanding in that very rational manner, Tom."

The description of the Greenwich Railway is rich.

"On the opposite side of the river we saw a line of arches, nearly as large as those of a bagatelle-table, extending to the length of about three miles; and on it were several little trunks, seemingly running away with each other."

And with this we will conclude, for however tempting this pleasantries is, it would not be fair to plunder more from a hundred pages.

The Keepsake, for 1839. Edited by F. M. Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 272. London, Longman and Co.; Paris, Delloy and Co.

We have already briefly noticed the embellishments and external appearance of this gay-looking volume, the patent binding of which is entitled to great praise, for it opens sweetly and exposes what is good in the engravings most eligibly to view, as it suffers the text to be read in the easiest of manners. With regard to the said text we need hardly say much except giving a sort of statistical table of the quality of the contributors.

Besides four plain ladies (by plain we mean plain mistress or miss), whose names are known in the literary circles, and three plain gentlemen under similar circumstances; and three or four of both sexes with whose preceding productions (if any) we are unacquainted, the usual proportion of verse and prose, sentiment and story, is furnished by one marchioness; one countess; one lady, a duke's daughter; one lady, a duke's daughter-in-law; one lady, a lord's wife; one marquess; one viscount; three lords, various; three honourables, also various, being the brothers of marquesses, or sons of earls, &c.; and one M.P. Assuredly this is a goodly list of rank and fashion to be enclosed in that red and gold binding, and make the inside worthy of the out.

Unluckily for us all the prose papers are too long for the room we can allot for extract from

such a work, and we must even be content with short poetical productions—two feeling and graceful things by Lady Nugent and Mrs. Fairlie.

"*Stanzas.* By the Lady Nugent.

There is pity for the mariner,
Who dares the boist'rous main;
There is pity for the warrior,
Who bleeds on battle-plain!
There is pity for the aged man,
Outliving all he cherished;
There is pity for the youthful one,
Who hath too early perished.
Yet the mariner a ven'rous joy,
In danger doth he abide;
And glorious was the warrior's doom,
Who for his country died.
And the aged man hath full share
Of good things here below;
And the youthful dead was happiest!—
No sorrow he did know.

Is there pity for the restless one,
Cast on the rocks of life,
Who hath warred with her heart's tenderness,
In most unequal strife?
There is pity for most sufferers—
For her, alas! there's none;
She is scorn'd by all the world beside,
Who hath been betrayed by one!"

"*Stanzas.* By Mrs. Fairlie.

Judge not from smiles that all beneath
Is peace and joy: the bed of death
Is sometimes decked with fragrant flowers,
And oft hid in the fairest wreath
Some envious worm the bud devours.
The lip may wear a sunny smile
Though the heart's breaking all the while;
And gems may sparkle on a breast
Which nothing can of wo beguile,
Itched by harsh care, for aye, of rest.
The eye may beam with brilliant light
When 'tis disease that makes it bright;
(As young cheek wears the freshest bloom
(As red skies herald coming night)
When it is destined for the tomb."

Lady Blessington's remarks on Lord Byron's writings at Rome, are interesting; and so is a sketch of Russian travelling, by Lady Londonderry; whilst, in the way of Tales, Mr. E. Phipps, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, Mr. Bernal, Miss L. Sheridan, Lady C. St. Maur, Mrs. Shelley, Miss Camilla Toulmin, Lord Nugent (an anecdote of Nelson when young), Mr. E. Howard, Mr. J. A. St. John, and Mr. G. P. R. James, &c., fill up the measure of this individual portion of Mr. Heath's annual enterprise for A.D. 1839. What that enterprise is may appear a curiosity in art and literature, for his list announces no fewer than eight publications.

—1. the "Picturesque Annual;" 2. the "Keepsake;" 3. "Gems of Beauty;" 4. the "Book of Beauty;" 5. "Children of the Nobility;" 6. "Beauty's Costume," second series; 7. the "Belle of a Season;" and 8. a "Book of the Passions." —the price of small paper copies amounting to 10*l.* 10*s.*, and of large paper to 19*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* Pretty well for one hand!!!

The Gift, for 1839. Edited by Miss Leslie. 8vo. pp. 324. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey, and A. Hart. London, Tilt.

The third year of *The Gift* shews considerable improvement in American Annuals. Its external appearance is very neat—rich, yet simple; its internal embellishments present several excellent specimens of American art, both in painting and engraving; and in the literary portion of the work there is what we have always recommended—a fair proportion of articles connected with the country, and not made up of European imitations in the beaten track. Of some forty contributions in prose and verse, those by American writers are quite equal to the average of our best English Annuals; and though in this branch, as well as in some of the plates, there are mediocrity and inferiority to be found—why, it is exactly

the same in the publications with which we have just made the comparison.

We will say nothing of the designs by Chalon, Parris, &c., but direct attention to a very charming vignette by Sully (whose portrait of our Queen we lately noticed), and two other subjects by the same, in forcible and broad style of art. "Sunset among the Alps," by T. Doughty, also merits notice, though not satisfactorily engraved. Of "The Snare," by J. G. Chapman, and "The Farmer's Boy," by Shayer, we have to say that they are pretty and appropriate.

Of the fair editor's talents a brief note from her preface may afford some notion.

"We have (she says) investigated the prefaces of more than twenty Annuals, English and American, in the hope of finding some new ideas that, by the transposition of a few words, we might venture to pass off as our own; but the search has been in vain. We could light on nothing that was not worn threadbare, and incapable of being turned to account, even with the disguise of new trimming; and, as this is but the third volume of *The Gift*, it is rather too early to borrow from ourselves."

From the variety of poems and tales, we choose the annexed as even examples.

"Uncle Abel and Little Edward."
By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Were any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel, the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, downright good man, that ever laboured six days, and rested on the Sabbath. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth; his down-sitting and up-rising; all of which appeared to be performed with conviction aforthought; in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order, 'to the right-about face, forward, march!' Now, if you supposed from all this triangularism of exterior that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there. It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another; and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head. Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his Family Bible, the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw; and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way. He had, too, a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule of three and practice. He did to his neighbours exactly as he would be done by—

* Apropos. We miss this artist sorely in the London Annuals this year. His place has not been supplied in a manner to reconcile us to the loss.—*Ed. L. G.*

he loved some things in this world sincerely—he loved his God much, but honoured and feared him more; he was exact with others, he was more exact with himself—and expected his God to be more exact still. Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication-table. There was the old clock, for ever ticking in the kitchen corner, with a picture on its face of the sun, for ever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions, hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly holly-hocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room" with its sanded floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand with the great Bible and almanac on it, in the other. There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the 1st of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never seemed to take it into his head to practise either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total. This Aunt Betsey, aforesaid, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that every operated in forty places at once. She was always every where, predominating over, and seeing to, every thing; and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject than ever had before fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma, until he had arrived at the age of indiscretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned toward him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities, such a violator of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him, whether it was "Sabb-a-day," or any other day. He laughed and frolicked with every body, and every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's very Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half-an-hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put every thing that came in his way. But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day

Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining. "Edward, Edward, must not play Sunday," his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the 'best room,' with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of Aunt Betsey, and all others in authority. At last my uncle came to the conclusion that 'it wasn't in natur to teach him any better,' and that 'he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot.' My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustrously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism; went from 'man's chief end' to 'the commandments' in a fortnight, and at last came home, inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to 'Amen.' After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder. But, alas! for poor little Edward, his merry dance was soon over. A day came, when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he only stayed by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save with affecting pertinacity. 'Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?' said he to the physician, when every thing had been tried in vain. 'Nothing,' answered the physician. A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. 'Then the Lord's will be done!' said he. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep. 'Oh, dear! oh, I am so sick!' He gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor. 'There goes pussy,' said he: 'oh, dear, I shall never play with pussy any more.' At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and 'mortality was swallowed up of life.' My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and 'he lifted up his voice and wept.' The next morning was the Sabbath, the funeral day, and it rose 'with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom.' Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken. I remember him at family prayers bending over the great Bible, and beginning the psalm, 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all gene-

ritual, and say, 'I am the night through the days, to the, and came to you or could no in the what gain it when would of an Betsey our com- the dig- in- at- chief night, ery, to After over- by with necked a pussy violent mend- m, in the ex- master. But, dance ren- ed, but in . His try- acy- tor' had ed the never my done!' 'Seventeen.—By Mrs. C. Gilman.
In chitthold, when my girlish eye
Glanced over life's unfaded green,
Thoughts underlined, and sweet, and new,
Would blend with thee, sweet seventeen.
Restrained at twelve by matron care,
My walks prescribed, my movements seen,
How bright the sun, how free the air,
Seem'd circling over bright seventeen.
Thirteen arrived, but still my book,
My dress, were watch'd with aspect keen;
Scarce on a novel might I look,
And balls—must wait for seventeen.
Fourteen allowed the evening walk,
Where friendship's eye illumined the scene,
The long, romantic bosom-talk,
That talk which glanc'd at seventeen.
The next revolving circle brought
A quicker pulse, yet graver mien;
I read, I practised, studied, thought,
For what? To stop at seventeen.
Sixteen arrived, that witching year
When youthful hearts like buds are seen,
Ready to open, when first appear
The genial rays of seventeen.
They came—have past!—think not, fair maids,
My hand shall draw that magic screen;
But this I urge, fill well your heads,
And guard your hearts for seventeen.'

Altogether, *The Gift* is highly creditable to the Transatlantic press.

Mr. Baillie Fraser's Tatar Journey.

[Second notice.]

THE second volume of this work relates the author's various travel in Persia, and is, like the first, full of personal adventure. What it does

mention of individuals now acting the most distinguished parts in the affairs which agitate the country, is of considerable importance, and we only wish there were more of the same matter, and brought down, and applied to, the present period. We shall direct our extracts to some of the points connected therewith; but begin with the lively description of portion of a public exhibition at one of the grand ceremonies before the old Shah at Tehran.

"The signal was at length given; down squatted the minstrels; a clash and a yell burst from their instruments; forward sprang the dancers with a bound and a tumble; the crowd awoke from the spell which had bound it for a while, and all was buzz and eager curiosity. The show commenced in earnest. Above the line of nassekchees rose several poles, with tight and slack ropes stretched from one to the other; and in a moment were seen sitting on these rope-dancers, some of whom began to walk along the uncertain footing with their balancing poles, others to swarm up the poles, on the top of which they twisted and writhed like apes; others, again, caught at the cross-poles, and turned in and out, over their arms and through them, playing all the tricks and antics of the most supple monkey or bear. Close to the gate came two fellows who balanced brass basins on long sticks, giving them a spinning twist, and adding joints to the stick until they rose to a great height. Then came two men dressed like huge birds, with long necks and beaks, which they flourished and twisted about in a very ludicrous way, picking their feathers and pluming themselves after the manner of birds. It was a poor exhibition; and that of a man in armour, who rose to an enormous height by means of adding joints to the pole which elevated his head, under his painted mail-shirt, was still poorer; indeed, the furious wind alone would have defeated the efforts of a more clever exhibitor. Then came a very stupid and indecent pantomime, consisting of an old man and two old women, strangely masked—very miserable editions of our clown and pantaloon. This, again, was followed by as vile an imitation of Punch and Judy, with other despicable buffooneries, equally deficient in wit, humour, and decency. During the whole of this time the dancers were dancing, and the musicians tearing away on their instruments; and certainly the tumbling performed by the dancers was the thing of all others best of its kind, had there not been too much of it. There were four boys, I think, and a little creature scarcely seven years old, as it appeared to us; and they not only danced, but tumbled and twisted their figures into every shape that suppleness of imagination could teach to suppleness of joint and muscle. They performed what is called the 'scorpion,' in India,—that is, lay on their bellies on the ground, and bent up back and legs till their heels touched their head, and every joint of the back in succession downwards, like a scorpion flourishing its tail: they leaned backwards on their hands, bending their bodies till their faces were on the ground, or looking through between their legs, and in this manner they tumbled and twisted about like balls; they twisted themselves like ball and socket, from the small of their back upwards, and in this way performed sundry tumbles and somersets. Then they would stand upon their hands, feet in air, and kiss the ground; or, crossing their legs, roll about the platform one after another. Then, again, they would go in pairs, wreathing themselves together into a grotesque ball, and tumble over and over as if with an involuntary impulse. In short, there was scarcely a conceivable leap, attitude, contortion, prank, or posture, which

they did not practise or assume. The performance of the rope-dancers, too, was excellent, particularly that of the man who *swarmed* [?] up the pole. He lay on the top, back, and belly; clung to it by the mere twisting of his feet; recovered himself to an upright posture from hanging thus head downmost; went through between his own arms while grasping the top; performed the sword exercise while holding on only by grasp of leg and thigh; fired and loaded a gun, &c. The slack-rope dancers were not a whit behind in their feats. Last of all came the *pehlevans*, who wrestled before his majesty, and, as you may believe, in their best style: nor were some accidents, I believe, wanting to interest those who take delight in such things, for there were some tough matches and fearful falls; but you would not relish a minute account of these, and I have already described to you this most exquisite of spectacles. With the performances of these, the sports of the day terminated. His majesty, who sat with great and praiseworthy patience, долing out pieces of coin to those who performed well, at length retired, and we all followed his example."

Preparing for his own final *exit* from the stage of life after all its wrestlings and tumblings, the monarch had employed a learned Moonshee, of prodigious skill in Persian composition, to frame an inscription for his majesty's tomb. The account is curious.

"It was (the author tells us) prepared, we found, by order of the shah himself, and is to be in prose, consisting of a number of words, equivalent to five hundred couplets, written in the first person, as if spoken by his majesty of himself, and will contain an epitome of his life and reign, in the form of an autobiography. This mode of writing in the first person the Meerza seemed to consider as something quite original and admirable, and, I believe, was not overpleased when Macneil told him that the same had been done, as was said, by Kai Khosroo, and the inscription had been preserved in a Greek translation, but that it did not occupy five couplets. He replied by quoting some Arabic verses, the meaning of which was, that the noble theme made a poet speak nobly; but that he who could ennoble an ordinary or vulgar theme was the most skilful and exalted of poets; in the one case he borrowed nobility—in the other he conferred it. You can have no idea of the delight which such conversations and discussions, and actual dissertations, on the most trifling matters of style and composition, give the Persians; but I am wrong in saying so; both you and I have witnessed as much learned trifling in countries that pretend to high literary advancement, as ever took place in a Persian *mujlis*."

The following is also curious:

"Independently of the positive illness of the Shah, there is, it appears, another cause for this alarm. There is a prediction, which has met with general credence, that he will not outlive this month. It was uttered originally, they say, by a famous astrologer, and confirmed by a seyed of great sanctity, who had derived his information from another source. A further confirmation is to be found in a dream which the shah himself mentioned many years ago as having had. He dreamed that a man brought him a sword, or a suit of armour, to buy which his majesty bargained until he at length reduced the price of sixty tomauns, originally demanded, to forty. The man gave the armour, but told the shah that he had just shortened his own reign by so much as he had reduced the price, for that he should reign a year for every tomaun he had given. This is the fortieth year of his majesty's

reign, so that the coincidence is alarming. Macneil says that Hassan Allee Meerza told him the month in which the prince royal, Abbas Meerza, would die, long before his decease, and he did actually die in the month so predicted; and he added, that the shah would not outlive the present new year, namely, 1250 of the Hejira. These are singular coincidences. It appears that his majesty, whether he knows of and believes in these predictions or not, keeps a firm countenance and expresses no apprehension."

From Tehran, Mr. Fraser proceeded for Khorasan, and in the course of various routes, which circumstances forced him to pursue, draws many pictures of Persian manners, and narrates many incidents which attended his efforts during four months, till at length he safely returned from all his weary toils and dangers, and rejoined the British embassy at Tabreez. His account of the heir to the throne is unquestionably the most interesting quotation we can select from this part of the work.

"The camp of the prince and his minister occupied a small plain near the village of Muzzinoon, but we passed it by and applied for a lodging to Mahomed Khan, governor of the place, who accommodated us to the best of his ability, a matter not very easy in a small village overrun with military. Having learned that it was the prince's intention to march westward in the morning, I lost no time in transmitting my letters to his highness and the minister; and the result was an audience in the evening with the first, and a long interview afterwards with the latter. Prince Mahomed Meerza, eldest son of the late prince royal, is, as I think I have told you, the worthiest of all the numerous descendants of Futeh Allee Shah, particularly in point of morals and private character. He is religious and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, unstained by many of the grosser Persian vices, and disposed to justice and good government. In talent, his claims may not be very high; but there are few of his family, now living, who much surpass him in natural abilities, while in military affairs he bids fair for competence at least. Take him for all in all, as a prince and a knjar, he is a rarity in Persia; and it is devoutly to be hoped that the king may confirm the expectations already entertained by appointing Mahomed Meerza to be his successor in the throne. In appearance, the prince has less to recommend him than many others of his very handsome race. He is stout — rather too much so; his features approaching coarseness, but well provided with that marking family attribute, the beard. He speaks thick, and, as one might be apt to think, somewhat affectedly; but his tone is pleasant, and I, at least, found him gracious and smiling in his manner, void of all that blustering assumption of greatness which is so offensive in many of the royal family. I believe, indeed, it is the prince's nature to be gracious; but at this particular time it was his interest to conciliate the English; and though I carefully avoided and disclaimed all pretensions to an official character, his knowledge that I had brought out despatches to the envoy, and was soon to return to England, rendered him naturally desirous to shew me favour. Receiving me at all, indeed, under all circumstances, after a fatiguing march, with the business of the succeeding day to arrange, and a march of twenty-eight miles in prospect for the morning, was a strong proof of his good-will. The audience was unusually long, although, as the prince entered on no topics of business, the subjects of interest were limited; and, in fact, his rapid manner of utterance rendered it rather difficult for a stranger to follow him; and I was

more than once forced to put his highness to the trouble of repeating his words. He inquired much about the members both of the late and of the present administration in England, particularly about the Duke of Wellington, and what he was doing; of the powers of Europe, how they stood with each other; of the war in Portugal and Spain. He praised the province of Khorasan; entered into a sort of discussion regarding its superiority to Azerbijan and Irak, which I rather questioned; and, in short, he did what a prince so placed might do to support a conversation which paucity of subject on the one hand, and deference, combined with a lack of facility in expression on the other, tended to render heavy. At last, darkness having closed in, the hour of prayer came to his relief, and he dismissed me, saying, that he must retire to his devotions. He had very little state; was plainly dressed; seated in as plain a tent; surrounded, as is the custom with all of the royal family, with red *serpurdahs*, or screens, that had evidently seen no small length of service. When I entered, he was writing; and on one side lay an English writing-case of Russian leather; on the other was a book, I believe the Koran."

The character of his chief adviser is hardly, if at all, less interesting.

"Meerza Abool-Caussim, son of the late Meeroza Buzoorg, and prime minister to Abbas Meerza, one of the most eminent nobles of the kingdom, is a person whose heavy, gross-looking appearance gives small promise of talent; nor does the talent which he does really possess beam forth in his peculiar, prominent, yet half-closed eye; for he is so short-sighted that he cannot read a letter unless it touches his nose, nor can he distinguish one person from another at two yards' distance. But, according to general report, it is no less a fact that his wits are as acute as his sight is indifferent; and though the abilities of his father were allowed to be first-rate, they are said to be surpassed by those of the son. After the Ameen-u-dowlut, this minister holds the first rank of any subject in Persia, and has purposely been placed by the shah in superintendence, under his own son and then under his grandson, of the most important government and duties in the kingdom. The Kaymookam is a true Persian diplomatist, acute and wily, far-looking; but, judging of others by himself, he not unfrequently over-shoots the mark in fineness, and finds himself outwitted by the greater simplicity of another. By the death of his late master, the prince royal, and a chain of political events consequent upon that occasion, he has been placed in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, from which it is yet to be seen how he will extricate himself. A knowledge of the state of parties, and the general feeling of men towards his new master and himself at the court of Tehran, whether he was now proceeding, was therefore of the utmost importance to him; and as he had reason to believe me acquainted with these, he was disposed, as you may imagine, to give me a very favourable reception."

His ministerial avocations are strange enough.

"The lodging of the minister was in a small oblong tent, which, in Bengal, they call a *route*; his large tent having been struck to be sent on in advance. When I was announced, he came to the door without ceremony, and pulled me in by the hand. There was none there but a secretary or two, and two or three persons like ghoulams, who seemed to be waiting for orders. Nothing can be more striking to those who have been accustomed to the imposing details of office in England or in India,

particularly in the latter, than to witness the simplicity with which business is despatched in the office or the tent of a Persian minister. In India, a number of large-sized rooms are seen opening into each other, all filled with natives or Europeans, with their noses at their desks, writing away as if for dear life, among a most imposing mass of books, and papers, and official forms. Here, you enter a court, at the further end of which are several rooms, the large windows of which open on the area. Before one of these, the least in all probability, you may see some ten to twelve servants in attendance, with a number of people who have come upon business. At the window above sits an old man wrapped up in a shawl cloak, and his head covered with a black lamb-skin cap; before him, seated on their heels, may be two, or, perhaps, three secretaries, either writing, to the minister's dictation, on bits of paper held in one hand and supported on one knee, or holding in their hands bundles of papers neatly done up, which await his hearing and approval. Around the room, with their backs to the wall, and upon the numuds or felt carpets which border it, are seated more or fewer persons, arrived on visits of ceremony or business, each placed according to his rank. The minister addresses these occasionally, and at other times listens to his secretaries, who read letters that have arrived, replies to which he dictates, or those replies which have been written in compliance with his orders. These, when approved, are confirmed by receiving his seal, which he takes from a little bag, generally kept in a side-pocket under the arm, and tosses to the writer, who performs the operation at once in his presence — a far simpler business than the confirmation of an official document at home. It would amuse a European statesman to hear the heterogeneous details, the odds and ends of business, great and small, that come before a minister on such occasions; and all receive more or less attention too. At one moment an affair of a few tomauns, the arrears of some poor village, or its claim for deductions or immunity, comes to be debated; in the next you may hear the returns of a whole district or province treated with as little ceremony. Next may come the despatch of a gholam, and the details of how he is to be mounted and provided for his journey, and then the arrangement of *soorsaut* and provision for the march of a division of the royal army. I have been more than once myself in the prime minister's apartment while he was transacting business, and the hour of prayer arrived. He left his seat, loosened the sleeves of his dress, laid aside all gold or silver articles, and dagger if he had one, called for the *aftauch*, or water-ewer, and washed himself; took out his *mohur*, or little pat of kerbelah clay, on which they press their foreheads when prostrating themselves, and went through his prayers with all proper emphasis and action. This process by no means interrupted business; the secretaries got out of his way and went on writing, and he, between whiles, continued dictating to them, or cast his eye over a paper or account which they handed to him, or listened to the story of some one whom he beckoned to, or called to the window for that purpose. The simplicity and absence of show or form in these matters among the Persians is the more singular, as it seems altogether opposed to their really uncandid and artificial character, — perhaps it is not unworthy of imitation. But to return to the Kaymookam. I was surprised to hear the variety of petty details with which he suffered himself to be pestered. He had given out the order of the morning's march for

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the army, which, independent of the prince's attendants and his own, consisted of a regiment of the Russian guards and six guns, together with a detachment of horse—and his commands were as clear as if he had been adjointant-general all his life—when in came a host of fellows, one telling him that his yamboo was lame, and that he could get no other; a second wanting to know where he was to get money for corn and straw; a third wanting camels to carry a tent; a fourth a saddle, &c. &c., to all of whom some reply was given after due consideration of the case; and then in came his *mecrahor*, or chief of the stable, to give an account of his excellency's horses, which was lame, which was galled; which was in training, which was not; which were fit for use, which would be so by and by; and there they went over the whole of his excellency's stud. Next came a whole host of complainers; one had his little crop cut for horse-meat by the prince's ghoulams, another his horse carried off and himself well beaten by some *souvards*; a third had his wife and family insulted, and his own ears threatened. I was astonished to observe the imperceptible attention, if not good-humour, with which this beset minister listened to all these interminable details, and could not help expressing my surprise that he, who had the business of the state upon his shoulders, should permit himself to be perplexed by the trifling and teasing annoyances of others, and the petty affairs of the camp. 'Ay, ay,' was his only reply, with a rueful shake of the head; 'these little things are far more bitter than the big ones.'

These ministers, officers, khans, &c., seem to have but a very uncertain tenure even of their troublesome charges, and when they fall into disgrace their fate is miserable. Here is an instance of one Koolee Khan: —

"He was brought to Subzawar, where he was thrown into prison, and the prince threatened to put him to death. His sister, the prince's wife, hearing of this event, interceded for his life; and her request was so strongly supported by the other women, that the prince promised to spare his life; they never thought of mutilation, and knew not of the act till too late to petition against it. The poor man's own story was more painfully particular. 'The prince and Ibrahim Khan,' said he, 'had been drinking together till they knew not what they did, and I was brought before them from the *bourse* (tower) where I had been confined. They had already taken all they could find of my property, amounting to about four thousand tomauns; and when I besought them to abandon their intention of blinding me, or to put me to death at once, the prince said that if I could produce another one thousand tomauns he would forgive me. My friends brought money and goods to the amount; but Ibrahim Khan, who was my bitter enemy, would not hear of my being pardoned, and threatened to abandon the service of the prince if he let me go. So they took me out into the court before the stables, and brought a drunken fellow, who knew nothing of his business, to cut out my eyes. The fellow sat down upon my breast, and, taking out a knife big enough to kill a cow, began to cut my right eye to pieces, but still he could not get it out. There are two veins (*reg*) or sinews to the eye, one here and the other here,' continued the poor creature, pointing out the spots he meant in his eyeless face, 'and if these are cut, the eye will come out almost of itself; but the fellow knew nothing about that, and went on mangling me at a terrible rate. At last they called for another

furosh, and, in the meantime, I got up with my one eye out, called for a calceoon and smoked it, and then held up my left eye to the new fellow, begging him to give me as little pain as possible. But he was as bad or as ill-disposed towards me as his companion, for the whole affair took up three hours, and there was I sitting up and smoking, with the blood running down over my beard to the skirts of my garments. After all was done,' he went on, 'they took me away, and sent surgeons to me, who applied something to my wounds. I would, at that time, have thanked any man to put me to death; but I have changed my mind since, and am now content to live as long as it pleased God for me to do so. I have already lived to witness retribution on most of my enemies, for of twelve who were most active on that occasion, only one survives; the rest have all suffered violent deaths. Ibrahim Khan was taken by Rezakoolee Khan, and slain by him at Khabooshan; and Arkoun Meerza got sent to hell by a musket-bullet at Kermerna; while I, a poor blind wretch, still exist. God is great! The late Naib-ul-sultun shewed me favour, and gave me back part of my land and villages; but my cousin, Gholaum Allee Khan, is governor in my room, and will not let me cultivate my ground, so it is of no use to me. Four out of five of my brothers were caught by Arkoun Meerza, who put out one of the eyes of each, and took away all they had; and the fifth, made a beggar like myself, escaped. Prince Mahomed Meerza pitied me, and, after inquiring into my case, ordered a yearly pension of fifty tomauns of money, and thirty khurwars of grain to be made out for me, and he issued a ruckum to that purpose; but, though I besieged the minister for a long time, it was only just as he was mounting for the march this morning that I got it from his secretary. I could not read it, of course, nor get any one else to do so for me until they were gone; and now I find it is only made out for fifteen tomauns and six khurwars of grain. It is rank robbery, no doubt, but what can I do?"

We shall not accompany our countryman to Mushed; but, in his notice of another khan, exhibit another sketch of Persian power.

"Of Mahomed Khan Karawee I have been assured, on the best authority, that he is one of the most polite and best bred gentlemen possible; gifted with the highest and most varied powers of conversation; particularly well versed in Persian literature, as well as in the Koran—a knowledge which he fails not to turn to account on all available occasions. So persuasive and insinuating is he said to be in his address, that he rarely fails in attaining his ends by dint of eloquence and impressive appeals; yet this peculiar mildness and fascinating softness of manner serves but as a veil to the most unprincipled perfidy and treachery. He is said to be the most wantonly cruel and capricious villain alive. There is not the smallest dependence to be placed on his word, and it was his well-known constant practice to invite guests, receive them with hospitality and kindness, dismiss them with favour, and yet to send forth a party to waylay and plunder them. Of this there are many instances, but I heard none particularly worth relating. Of his fiendish and wanton cruelty the following two traits may suffice. There is a particular mode of hunting practised in Persia, in which antelopes, or stags, being found, are driven towards a person who lies concealed, and who thus has an opportunity of getting a shot at them. Mahomed Khan one day had gone forth to hunt in

this manner, and had concealed himself behind a rock, towards which his horsemen were driving the deer, when a poor villager, who had gone out to the sahra to gather fuel, and who had fallen asleep beside his load, aroused by the noise and outcry of the hunters, started up in amazement and frightened away the game. Up sprang the khan in a passion, and, without more ado, ordered the man to be bound on his load, and the load to be set on fire, and there they held him till he was burned to death. On another occasion, when in the bath, his bathing attendant, or barber, took the opportunity to talk to the khan upon the straitened state of his circumstances, and to complain sadly of his large family, for whom he was at the greatest loss to provide. 'How many have you?' inquired the khan. 'Nine or ten,' whined the barber. 'Well, bring them to me when I leave the bath, and I will see whether I cannot provide for some of them,' said the khan. Away went the barber, overjoyed at what he doubted not was a grand stroke of good fortune: but it so happened that, with the view of exaggerating his distress, and further moving the khan's compassion, he had overstated the number of his progeny; so, to make up the tale, he borrowed from his relatives a sufficient number, and carried them, as well as his own, to wait upon the khan. 'Barikilla!' said the khan, casting his eye upon the children, 'you have done well. Are these all?' 'All, protector of the poor,' responded the shaver. 'Very well,' said the khan, and beckoning to an agent of the Toorkomans, who was by, coolly sold the whole lot to him before the poor man's eyes. The real parents, as well as the barber himself, were too much thunderstruck at first to speak or move, but when the Toorkoman merchant began to lead their little ones away, they awoke from their trance and the truth came out. 'These are our children!' cried they: 'dust on our heads! they are ours. Give us them back!' 'No, no!' said the khan, 'that's nonsense; they are the barber's, they are all the barber's: he is happy, no doubt, poor man, to be so well rid of them.'

[To be continued.]

Robertson's Letters on Paraguay.
(Fourth notice.)

A LOVE impression on a fair lady of Paraguay, aged eighty-four, is one of the Gil Blas pictures for which we have given our authors credit; but we must leave her, and descend the Paraguay with the departing Narcissus.

"The commander of my ship was a native of Old Spain, of the name of Borda, and therefore not considered the best person to be employed in the conducting of an expedition, of which his own countrymen were the only enemies to be feared. But I took him on this very account. He had once been engaged while on a smuggling expedition, in a rencontre with them; and having received, as well an indelible wound in the face, as earned the reputation of being an inveterate enemy never to be spared or forgiven, I knew that in any case of emergency he would fight with the desperation of a man who had no hope but in his own prowess. I had a crew of fifteen athletic Paraguayans, under the control of an old Paraguayan pilot, cunning, sagacious, and full of foresight. But the most conspicuous and interesting part of my equipment was a beautiful canoe of thirty feet long, scooped out of the trunk of the lepacho-tree. It was one single and magnificent hollow piece of timber; and, when seated upon the water, had all the grace and lightness of a Cleopatra's barge. In this canoe stood eight Payaguá Indians, tall,

muscular, erect, and uncontrolled in their many motions by aught but a girdle round their waists. They were under the control of a cacique, who sat at once as steersman and pilot; and as they simultaneously dipped their paddles, seven feet long, into the water, alternately bending and rising at each stroke, they looked like so many *athletes*, overcoming every obstacle before them, and pushing their skiff with irresistible rapidity over the waters. It was a magnificent sight to see them gliding down the current at the rate of fifteen miles an hour; and bearing up against it at the rate of ten. Every muscle was discernible in powerful operation; every feature of their faces was lit up with the alacrity of home-felt enjoyment on their own proper element. They were each armed with a bow, which I could never bend; and rude arrows tipped with iron, and dipped in poison, six feet long. Each man had, moreover, a long rod; and to the end of it was attached a net, in which he deposited his game, whether fish or fowl. They were noble fellows, and more than realised to me all I had ever read or heard of the freedom and grace of action, and of the muscular powers of the swarthy Indian. What I most admired was their complete subordination to their chief or cacique. He and I were seated under a little awning in the stern of the canoe. He scarcely ever spoke. His look—the motion of his hand—the vociferation of ‘ha! ha! ala! ala!’ were sufficient to procure an instant compliance with the most secret desires of his heart. Did a dorado or large gold-fish come in sight, the pilot was the first to announce its approach to the crew; and in an instant an arrow was let fly, attached by a cord to the shooter’s hand. By this cord the golden prize was drawn into the canoe. In the same way, when we landed, every beast of the forest, and every bird of the wood, at which they took aim became the prey of those dexterous bowmen. Often have I seen a pheasant perched among the thick boughs of a tree struck to the heart by one of their arrows; and often was the javalie, or wild boar of the woods, laid prostrate by their unerring aim. I have sailed in English barges; I have been rowed by the crack crews of the cutters of a man-of-war; but never did I see such a crew as that of Payaguás and their cacique, by which I now was paddled in my splendid canoe down the placid waters of the Paraguay.”

The historical account of the Jesuits is singularly curious. Their capital amounting to above 5½ millions of our money, in the Misiones alone, and we are told:—

“Every year was adding new proselytes to their sect, and fresh adherents to their party: so that what by their wealth, their religious and political sway, and their growing interest with private individuals, the measure of the expulsion of the followers of Loyola, if at first it appear to have been harsh, will not perhaps be found, upon reflection, to have been either uncalled for, or premature. There are still some lingering adherents and partisans of theirs in Paraguay; and these are looking for the advent of the padres, as the Jews for that of the Messiah.” *

“In prominent connexion with the difficulties opposed to the establishment of the first Jesuits who landed in South America, were the hostile and ferocious inroads made upon their infant colonies by the Portuguese settlers in the province of St. Paul, of which the capital bears the same name. The foundation of this town was laid about the year 1554; it is situated twelve leagues inland of the seaport of San Vicente, in latitude 23° 30'

south, and in longitude 46° 30' west. From the accession to its inhabitants of freebooters and marauders of the worst description from Portugal, and of pirates fitted out from Holland, the town of St. Paul soon became a terrible scourge to all the surrounding country. The inhabitants, from being called Paulistas, in consequence of the name which they had given to the capital of their colony, came ere long to be styled ‘Mamelukes,’ as designating the people most dreaded, from national associations, by both Spaniards and Portuguese. By fire and sword, lust, sacrilege, and robbery, the Paulistas carried devastation in their train, and spread terror and dismay wherever they came. Their first inroads were made upon the defenceless Guarani Indians. The able-bodied among these were dragged from their homes to cultivate the fields of the Mamelukes; the wives and daughters of the aborigines were appropriated to the invaders; while the aged, infirm, and children, were invariably put to the sword. During these excesses the Jesuits came to the country; and while some established small colonies of Indians in Brazil, the greater number crossed over to the banks of the Paraná and Uruguay. The unheard-of barbarities of the Mamelukes soon depopulated the surrounding country of those tribes of Indians which had continued in their aboriginal state, and had not united together for mutual protection under the colonial system of the Jesuits. No doubt the mildness of the government and character of these, as compared with the ferocious practices of the Paulistas, were, in the first instance, very instrumental in bringing over to the followers of Loyola the otherwise incredible numbers of Guarani Indians that sought shelter under their wing. Enraged by the abstraction from their clutches of the Indians, not less than excited by a thirst for plunder, the Mamelukes invaded the missionary establishments in Brazil, and not only sacked the infant towns, and carried off the inhabitants, but in the end literally uprooted the numerous colonies established there, and killed or expelled the Jesuits who had founded them. Having done this, their predatory and savage habits led them next to make incursions upon a province called La Guayra, then belonging to Spain, situated on the banks of the Paraná, and colonised chiefly by numerous missionaries at the head of their respective *reducciones* or establishments of Guarani Indians. What the Paulistas had done to the Portuguese settlements in the province of St. Paul, and elsewhere, they proceeded to do to the Spanish ones in La Guayra. They ruined them one after another; carried off the able-bodied Indians; murdered the aged and the children; plundered the property; burnt the houses; and once more killed or dispersed the Jesuits. All these facts, and many more, are minutely detailed by the Commissioner Albear, in his very interesting report, drawn up in his official capacity, and entitled ‘Historical and Geographical Account of the Province of Misiones.’ The same person makes the following statement:—‘About this time (1630) the Paulistas sold in the slave-market of Rio de Janeiro sixty thousand Indian slaves, according to the official report addressed to His Catholic Majesty by Don Estevan Davila, who touched at that port on his way to be installed in the government of Buenos Ayres in 1637.’ This account of the Paulistas was necessary, in order to your understanding the difficulties, generally, with which the Jesuits who first migrated to South America had to contend; but I have given it also, that you may the better comprehend the specific nature of the extre-

mities to which they were sometimes reduced, in order to escape the barbarous and unmitigable hostility of their enemies the Paulistas. * * * * *

“On the 1st of March, 1767, the Count of Aranda, then minister of state of Charles III., despatched a ship of war, called the Prince, to the River Plate, with peremptory orders to the viceroy of that day, Bucareli, to take immediate and executive measures for the simultaneously seizing of the Jesuits in their various strongholds, especially in Misiones, and for the shipping of them off to Europe. Bucareli received this order on the 7th of June, 1767. So quickly, so effectually, and yet so silently, did he plan his measures, that he found, by transmitting, on the instant, secret and sealed despatches to all the governors, cabildos, and other functionaries within the viceroyalty, he could fix on the 21st of July following as the day on which those despatches were to be opened, and on the 22d as that on which the respective orders contained in them all were to be simultaneously executed. These orders were to the effect that every Jesuit should be seized and sent to Buenos Ayres. Speaking of the anxiety under which he laboured; of the many calculations it was necessary to make; and of the many measures and precautions it was needful to adopt, in order to give effect to the royal decree, Bucareli thus writes from Buenos Ayres, on the 6th of September, 1767, to the Count of Aranda:—‘With these and other cares pressing upon me, I revolved in my mind the means of carrying into execution the royal ordinance. I had to anticipate all its consequences upon five hundred Jesuits distributed over a distance of more than seven hundred leagues; possessed of twelve colleges; of one house of residence; of more than fifty estancias, and places where they were building, which are so many more colleges, and settlements made up of a vast number of servants and slaves; of thirty towns of Guarani Indians, with more than a hundred thousand inhabitants; and of twelve thousand Abipones, Macobies, Lules, and various other nations of Chiquitos; not to speak of many more, of whom, on the Jesuitical principle of keeping the Indians from all intercourse with the Spaniards, we know nothing.’ In another part of his letter, Bucareli says:—‘The largest college, viz. that of Cordova, is generally reputed as the head of the powerful empire of the Jesuits. Empire it may truly be called, because, counting Indians, slaves, and other servants, they have, in this vast country, more vassals than the king.’ So well concerted were the plans of Bucareli, that on the 21st of July his sealed despatches were opened at every point where there was an establishment of the holy fathers; and, on the 22d, they were pounced upon, generally at midnight, by the civil and military authorities. They were sent off, early in the morning, to Buenos Ayres, as a point of general rendezvous. In a few months most of them were shipped off for Spain—‘remitted,’ as Bucareli expresses it, by forties, fifties, and a hundred at a time, to be, by the King of Spain, sent to Italy, as a present to Pope Clement XIII. Their goods and chattels; their houses and churches; their land and cattle; their silver and gold; their subjects and slaves; all, were inventoried and taken possession of by the crown. A government, the most extraordinary that ever existed; a community that had gone on increasing and gathering strength, and wealth, and power, for more than a hundred and fifty years, was overthrown in a single night. This, too, at a

moment when each individual was aspiring to advancement; when the whole body was lording it over the whole country; and when every member of it thought the house of the Jesuits built upon a rock. Who, that should have told those men, when they lay down to rest on the night of the 22d of June, 1767, that, next morning, before the crowing of the cock, their houses should be left desolate, their persons imprisoned, and their worldly possessions given to the winds; who, that should have told them this, would not have been pronounced insane? Yet so it was—with all their wisdom, caution, calculation, strength, wealth, and double-dealing, the Jesuits were out-jiusted at last. The Count of Aranda and Bucareli were too much for them; they checkmated the followers of Loyola at the moment these had calculated that a few moves more would enable them to give checkmate to the minister's and the viceroy's king."

Since then "the Misiones have been failing, from year to year, into a state of deeper and deeper ruin; till there now remains scarcely a trace or vestige of what they were. The wars of Artigas desolated them; the policy of Paraguay has nearly annihilated them. From a hundred thousand inhabitants, the population has dwindled down to eight thousand; the public buildings are now not only dilapidated, but ruined; and the scattered Indians are almost as much at a loss for subsistence as when they wandered in the woods. Their towns have been repeatedly burnt and sacked during the revolution; and their cattle, horses, sheep, and bullocks, have all been destroyed or carried away. The natives of Misiones themselves have been pressed into the armies of the revolutionary chiefs, and the wives and children often left to perish. Every vestige of property and of cultivation has been swept away; and the ruin of the Indians, like the fall of the Jesuits, though not quite so sudden, has been equally complete: it has been incalculably more calamitous."

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Poems and Songs, Humorous and Satirical. By Alexander Rodger. 12mo. pp. 362. 1838. Glasgow, Robertson; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Longman and Co., Simpkin and Co.; Dublin, W. Curry, jun., and Co. MANY of these pieces have already made their appearance in various publications, and met with that favourable reception which they so well merit. We wish, for the author's sake, that the volume contained fewer political poems, which seem quite misplaced beside his beautiful songs, and many of them being besides very unmeet subjects for poetry. The work, however, possesses much merit, and is very superior to the generality of the numberless volumes which we turn over in the course of a year.

Paul and Virginia. Part I. London, 1839. Orr and Co.

A FIRST No. of St. Pierre's touching tale, and lavishly and sweetly adorned by woodcuts, from designs of Tony Johannot, François, Isabey, Meissonier, Paul Huet, &c. If finished as it has been begun, of which we have no doubt, it will be one of the most charming works of its class.

The Coronation; a Poem, in Six Cantos. By C. G. Sharpley, B.A. late of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 261. London, 1838. Printed for the Author.

We give the following extract from the Preface.

"The general diffusion of literature in the

present age, by making the pretenders to poetry many and the pretenders to criticism still more, has greatly reduced that most desirable class of readers who 'are pleased they know not why.'

It would be well for Mr. Sharpley if every reader in the world belonged to this, indeed, for such poets as he, "most desirable class."

Here is a specimen of the work itself, which, although our readers may have seen something like it in the newspapers, we dare say will be new to them in the shape of verse.

"St. Edward's Crown.

Saint Edward's crown, on its cushion of gold,
Sparkles with gems, that its circlet emboss;
Beneath are three rows of emins rolled,
Four bandlets its crimson tara entold,
And above then glitter the orb and cross;
Two massy pearls there pendant play,
And brightly the gems shoot a twinkling ray;
At the foot of each bandlet a cross-pattée,
And between each pair is a fleur-de-lis.
Such diadem Charles did erst restore,
When reft of the crown St. Edward wore.

"The Patina and Chalice.

Next in the solemn and costly line
The golden chalice and patina shine.
The paten doth Bangor's prelate bear,
The chalice is Lincoln's hallowed care.

"The Holy Bible.

And, lastly, the Holy Volume brings
The reverend Winton's hand;
To shew 'ts the bulwark of British kings,
The trust of the British land."

We have only to add that the work is dedicated, by permission, to the Duchess of Kent, and that the Queen Dowager, the Princess Augusta, and the Duchess of Gloucester's names are amongst the subscribers.

On a second consideration, we cannot omit two lines descriptive of the sword of justice.

"Sword of justice, stark and long,
Pointed, and keen, and stiff, and strong."

A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines: containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice. By Andrew Ure, M.D. &c. 8vo. Parts I. and II. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

DR. URE'S fitness to fill up a plan of this eminently useful order is so well known: his great scientific skill, and his previous works, are so justly held in high estimation, that any compliment from us would be but "wasteful and ridiculous excess." We shall only say, therefore, that an examination of these two Parts convinces us that the whole Dictionary will, when completed, be worthy of his reputation, and a most acceptable volume to the world at large. It is announced in ten monthly parts, and with more than a thousand engravings on wood. Justly may the author profess that he has embodied the experience of many years of practical science; and justly may we congratulate him on laying before us stores of information of deep interest to literature and science. There is no class in the community of our busy and bustling nation to whom it is not of worth.

A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom. By T. Rymer Jones, F.Z.S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy, in King's College, London. Parts I. and II. London, 1838. Van Vorst.

"THIS work," says the prospectus, "is intended to comprise a general view of the animal creation, exhibiting the structure and internal economy of every class of living beings, and their adaptation to the circumstances in which they are severally destined to exist. It has long been a matter of regret that this important branch of natural science has hitherto been almost inaccessible to the general reader, who, at every step, finds his progress obstructed by technicalities of language, or allusions to physiological principles, beyond the reach of ordinary research. It is the object of the present undertaking to lessen these difficulties, by developing, with as much simplicity as possible, the principles of zoological arrangement, as based upon animal organisation. The structure and functions of the various organs subservient to animal existence will be fully discussed, as well as the modifications observable in their construction and arrangement;

the phenomena of development and metamorphosis will likewise be examined, so as to form a manual of comparative anatomy and animal physiology, which has long been a desideratum to the zoologist; and which, it is hoped, will be a useful assistant to the anatomical student."

And such an undertaking could not be assigned to abler hands than to those of Professor Jones, whose scientific acquirements are highly appreciated. Numerous illustrations in wood, after drawings under his superintendence, add greatly to the value of this Outline; and we shall look with impatience for its completion, as promised within the year, in monthly parts. The two before us embrace classification, sponges, polyps, infusoria, acalyphe, and sterelmintha, all admirably treated.

The Greenhouse, Hothouse, and Stove; including selected Lists of the most beautiful Species of Exotic Flowering Plants, and Directions for their Cultivation. By C. M'Intosh, F.H.S., Gardener to the King of the Belgians, &c. 12mo. pp. 415. London, 1838. Orr and Co.

THIS is a very pretty volume, and apparently calculated to be as practically useful as it is gay and agreeable. The instructions are clear and abundant, the arrangement and index convenient, and the numerous plates of flowers naturally coloured and handsome.

Part XVIII. of *The Orchard*, by the same, is a specimen of equal character, as regards the cultivation of fruits. We do not recollect having seen any other Part.

The Last Evidence. By Hannah D. Burdon. 3 vols. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley.

THESE are pleasant and amusing volumes with which to while away a dull hour. The story is one of considerable interest, and many of the scenes are dramatic, and well brought out and placed before the reader. True, the characters generally are rather sketched than painted, and we think the devotion of the priest Milborne, and the peasant Colette, are sketches which might have been more highly coloured with advantage. The whole is written in a style exceedingly creditable to Miss Burdon's talents.

The narrative is so interwoven, that we cannot select any example.

Ada, a Tale. By Camilla Needham. Pp. 308. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley.

VEXATION of spirit, the companion and consequence of vanity, is the moral of this tale. As such, its perusal, to those desirous and active to profit by the experience of others more skilled in the ways of the world, or in the mazes of the human heart, will be attended with much benefit. To the young and female portion of our kind, this volume is more particularly addressed. Poor Ada, her sufferings brought on by vanity and coquetry, are fit punishment for offences so serious, and may serve as a beacon light to the readers of this unpretending lesson.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ADMISSIONS to the Gardens and Museum, during October last, were 9728. Cash at banker's, on 31st October, 10682. 8s. 2d. Amongst the presents announced were three beavers, received through the Hudson's Bay Company, presented by Sir John Boileau, Bart.

ON THE COLOUR OF THE SEA.

A PAPER on this interesting subject, which has long exercised the sagacity of savans and navigators, has lately been brought before the Académie des Sciences; it is by M. Arago, and substantially as follows.

Almost identical answers will be returned to the question, What is the colour of the water

of the ocean? Captain Scoresby compares the general tint of the polar seas to *ultramarine blue*; M. Costaz likens the colour of the waters of the Mediterranean to a perfectly transparent solution of *very fine indigo*, or to *celestial blue*; Captain Tuckey characterises the waters of the Atlantic in equinoctial regions, the colour of *vivid azure*; Sir Humphry Davy also assigns a *vivid blue* to the tint reflected by pure water proceeding from the thawing of snow or ice.

Celestial blue, more or less dark, that is to say, mixed with greater or less proportions of white light, should always be, then, it appears, the colour of the ocean. How is it that it is not so?

Let us first treat of pure water; since the waters of the ocean are often impregnated with foreign matters. The green belts, for instance, so extended and marked in the polar regions, contain myriads of *Medusa*, whose yellow tint mingling with the blue of the water exhibits green. Near Cape Palmas, on the coast of Guinea, Captain Tuckey's vessel seemed to be sailing through milk; which arose from multitudes of animalcules floating on the surface of the water, and thus masking its natural colour. Those red bands, traversed so frequently in the vast ocean, have no other cause. In Switzerland, according to Sir H. Davy, when the colour of a lake passes from blue to green, it is through its waters becoming impregnated with vegetable matters. Near the mouths of great rivers, indeed, the sea has frequently a brown tint, arising from the mud and other earthy substances which are held in suspension. It is requisite to distinguish between the colours caused by matters mixed with the water and those of which we are about to treat.

The celestial blue tint of the sea is modified, and sometimes even totally changed, in latitudes where the water is of little depth. The cause is, that the light reflected by the bottom reaches the sight, confounded with the natural light of the water. The effect of this supposition might be calculated from the laws of optics, but it would be necessary to add to the knowledge of the nature of the two combined tints, that, much more difficult to be obtained, of their comparative intensities. Thus, a yellow sandy bottom, having little reflective power, imparts a green tint to the sea; for yellow mixed with blue is known to produce green: now, without altering the shades, replace the dull by a bright yellow, the intense blue of the pure water will scarcely *green** this vivid light, and the sea will appear yellow. In the bay of Loango, the waters are always very red; tradition says they are mixed with blood. Tuckey ascertained that the bottom was very red. Were a red of this same shade but obscure, and of little reflective power, substituted for this vivid colour, the waters of the bay of Loango would appear orange or even yellow. This manner of arguing the question may be met with an objection, which at first looks serious. A bottom of white sand, say the objectionists, ought not to alter the colour of the sea; for if white lighten colours with which it is mixed, it does not change the shade. This is easily answered. How do you know that the sand at the bottom is white? Why is it not so in broad day, when exposed to the *white* light of the sun or clouds? But is the sand in the same condition at the bottom? If you look at it by red, green, or blue lights, it will appear red, green, or blue. We must then endeavour to discover what light falls upon it at the bottom of the water.

Water is in the same condition with all

* A new verb.—*Ed. L. G.*

those bodies which physicians, chemists, and mineralogists have so fully studied, and which possess two kinds of colours; a certain transmitted colour, and a reflected colour quite different from the former. Water appears blue by reflection; some are of opinion that its transmitted colour is green. Thus water spreads, in every direction, after having *blued* it, a portion of the white light which gives it light; this disseminated light constitutes the *proper colour* of liquids. As regards other rays, irregularly transmitted, their passage through the water makes them green, and that of a deeper shade in proportion to the depths of the mass traversed.

These ideas admitted, we will resume the case of a sea, of very little depth, with a white sand bottom; this sand only receives the light through a body of water, thus it is already green when it reaches it, and it is with this tint on it that it is reflected: but in the second passage of the luminous rays through the same fluid from the sand to the air, their green tint becomes deeper; sometimes so much so, that, on its emission, it predominates over the blue. This is, perhaps, the entire secret of those shades which, to the experienced navigator, are, in calm weather, the certain and precious index of banks or high bottoms. I say in *calm weather*, and not undesignedly. When the sea is agitated, waves coming from the east may, in fact, convey a great quantity of *transmitted or green rays* to the eye, so that the reflected blue is entirely lost. A few remarks will render this evident.

Imagine a triangular prism placed in the open air, horizontally before an observer who shall be rather below it. This prism cannot, by refraction, transmit a single ray, coming directly from the atmosphere, to the eye. On the contrary, its anterior face will cast, towards the observer, a reflected atmospheric *fasciculus*; a great portion of which, it is true, will pass above his head. It would be necessary for this part to be bent in its course to be inflected, to be refracted from above, downwards, in order to reach the eye. A second prism, placed in the same manner as the first, only nearer the observer, would produce precisely this effect. With the help of this argument, most likely, every one has already approached the inference which should lead to the conclusion at which we are aiming. The waves of the ocean are species of prisms; a wave is never alone; contiguous waves advance almost in parallel directions. Well, when two waves approach a vessel, a portion of the light which is reflected from the anterior face of the second wave *traverses the first*, is refracted downwards on it, and in this manner reaches the eye of the observer. Here *green* is transmitted, and consequently *greened*, light which reaches the eye at the same time as the ordinary bluish tints; this gives the phenomena of white sand-banks without such really existing: it is a sea, green by the predominance of the transmitted over the reflected colour.

I have only offered this hurried sketch of a theory on the colours of the sea, in order to direct navigators in the studies they may have occasion to make on the subject. The notice of circumstances, which may falsify this theory, will suggest experiments to them, or at least observations, of which, without doubt, they would probably never have dreamed. For example, it will be generally understood that the *wave-prisms* cannot produce identical effects, whatever may be the mode of their propagation, and that some variation in the tint of the sea should be expected when the wind changes.

On the Swiss lakes the phenomenon is obvious: will it not be the same on the open sea?

Some persons persist in assigning an important part to the atmospheric blue in the production of the blue of the ocean. This idea may, it appears to me, be submitted to a decisive proof in the following manner.

The blue rays of the atmosphere only return from the water to the eye after having been regularly reflected. If the angle of reflection is 37° they are polarised. Tourmaline will serve entirely to eliminate them, and then the blue of the sea will be seen by itself without any foreign mixture.

In order to shelter oneself as much as possible while studying the colours of the ocean, very scientific navigators have advised that the observations should be made from the holes through which the rudder is wrought. Seen from these, the waters in some points preserve beautiful violet tints; but with a little attention it is easy to ascertain that these tints have nothing real, that they are the effects of contrast, and that they are the result of atmospheric light feebly reflected in an almost perpendicular direction, and coloured by their closeness to the transmitted green colours which may always be seen round the rudder.

Whether this attempt at an explanation of the colours of the sea be admitted and further developed, or rejected, and then replaced by a more satisfactory one, it will be necessary to commence by ascertaining of what colour the water is when it is seen by transmission by means of *diffused light*. Those who call to mind the eminently green colour of the *edge* of window glass will understand the bearing of the question. The following appears to me to be a very simple means of resolving it.

I suppose the observer to be possessed of one of those large hollow glass prisms used by physicians for studying the refraction of liquids. For argument, we will give the refractive angle a value of 45°; we will then suppose that the prism is plunged *partially* in the water, in such a manner that the edge of its refractive angle is downwards and horizontal, and one of the faces of this angle, that which is turned broadways, is vertical, the result will necessarily be that the other face will be inclined to the horizon of 45°.

In this disposition of the objects, the light which moves horizontally in the water, some centimetres below its surface, that which forms its *glass-edge colour*, if I may use the expression, strikes the vertical glass of the prism perpendicularly; it penetrates into the interior of this instrument, traverses the small quantity of air contained in it, reaches the second glass, and is there reflected vertically from below upwards. On looking into this inclined glass, the observer may judge of the proper colour which the water has by refraction, quite as correctly as if his eye was in the liquid. Under this form the experiment is so simple, so easy, and requires so little time, that we hope our Académie will recommend our voyagers to repeat it as frequently as they possibly can, not only in the waters of the seas, but in lakes and rivers. When science is enriched with the results of all these experiments, there will be no risk of broaching theories which facts will sooner or later disprove.

I ought to observe, that it will be useful for the hollow prism to be closed in its upper part by a piece of white glass with parallel sides. This will prevent the water from entering the instrument. The apparatus can be otherwise of the usual form.

EPHEMERIS OF ENCKE'S COMET,
(From a letter of Sir James South, dated Oct. 11, 1838,
in the "Times" of Friday, October 19.)

At Mean Midnight at Greenwich.						
Apparent Geocentric Right Ascension.	Var. of Int. A. in 1 hour.	Apparent Geocentric Declination.	Var. of Dec. in 1 hour.	Meridian Passage.		
h. m. s.	s.	deg. m. s.	s.	h. m.	m.	
1 20 55 54-24	-8-	+64 52 52-2	-160 84	5 46-1		
2 20 23 56-67	77 630	63 33 30-6	235 06			
3 19 54 15-01	71 069	61 49 29-8	303 78	5 12-6		
4 19 27 25-99	63 485	59 29 50-7	363 47	4 41-7		
5 19 3 41-70	55 808	56 52 32-7	412-27	4 12-7		
6 18 42 56-08	48 636	53 59 19-9	449 68	3 48-4		
7 18 24 59-73	42 948	50 53 31-8	475 70	3 23-6		
8 18 9 11-57	39 732	47 39 20-9	491 71	2 41-6		
9 17 55 32-21	32 027	44 21 37	498 54	2 47-0		
10 17 43 35-93	28 056	41 1 36-5	497 65	2 31-1		
11 17 33 6-39	24 731	37 43 55-0	490 42	2 16-3		
12 17 23 49-93	21 925	34 33 13-6	478 23	2 2-7		
13 17 15 34-99	19 557	31 22 14-1	462 41	1 50-2		
14 17 8 12-11	17 549	29 61 8-7	444 05	1 38-6		
15 17 1 33-48	15 839	23 57 45-8	424 16	1 27-7		
16 16 55 32-50	14 875	22 42 30-9	403 53	1 17-6		
16 16 50 4-19	13 113	20 5 34-1	382 78	1 8-0		
16 16 45 3-87	12 017	17 36 51-6	362 36	0 56-9		
19 16 40 28-00	11 057	15 16 10-9	342 63	0 50-1		
20 16 36 13-81	10 210	13 3 12-3	328 81	0 41-6		
21 16 32 16-65	9 455	10 57 32-3	306 03	0 33-9		
22 16 28 40-59	8 775	8 58 44-3	289 30	0 26-2		
23 16 25 18-05	8 157	7 6 21-4	273 97	0 18-8		
24 16 22 9-70	7 538	5 19 56-0	259 51	0 11-7		
25 16 19 14-50	7 056	3 39 0-9	246 24	{ 23 58-0		
26 16 16 31-67	6 553	2 3 10-5	284 03	23 51-5		
27 16 14 0-63	6 071	+ 0 32 0-0	222 83	23 45-5		
28 16 11 41-03	5 599	- 0 54 53-9	219 57	23 39-0		
29 16 9 32-65	5 133	2 17 52-0	203 18	23 33-1		
30 16 7 35-47	4 665	3 37 17-0	194 61	23 25-7		
31 16 5 49-63	4 188	- 4 53 25-6	-186 60	23 21-7		

Sir J. South, in "The Times."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 25. The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. M. J. Green, Fellow of Lincoln College; T. W. Weare, Student of Christ Church; Rev. H. Mackenzie, Pembroke College; Rev. J. Farquhar, Jesus College; Rev. R. Maynard, Wadham College; Rev. W. Maskell, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Slater, Exhibitioner; J. Edwards, Lincoln College; J. D. Collis, Scholar of Worcester College; T. H. Baylis, Scholar of Brasenose College; F. T. Stephens, Exeter College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday.—Electrical, 7 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEWCASTLE EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART.

Free to the Working Classes.

The inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne seem resolved to be conspicuous for liberal and generous proceedings. The splendour of the accommodation at the late British Association meeting in that town will long be remembered; and it is delightful to find that it was not a solitary ebullition of good feeling. The Natural History Society has thrown "its museum open to persons of all descriptions." And the committee of the new Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, lately established there, under the patronage of the Bishop of Durham, "has resolved that the doors of the Exhibition of Paintings shall be open to the working classes, free of expense, during the first week of November" (the coming week). This last boon has, no doubt, been the fruit of the good conduct of the people at the Natural History Museum; of which, we are informed, from authority, "That upwards of

a thousand visit it weekly; more especially on Saturdays (market-day); when at least five hundred carters, who have brought corn and other goods to market; women, with their baskets on their heads; and various other country people, resort to it; and no damage whatever has hitherto been experienced."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Rome and its surrounding Scenery. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, &c. No. VIII. Tilt. THREE fine subjects,—"The Coliseum, taken from the Palace of the Caesars," "Via Sacra, Rome," and "The Temple of Vesta, and Church of Santa Maria, in Cosmedin,"—illustrate the present number of Mr. Cooper's pleasing publication. The first-mentioned is our favourite. It is difficult to contemplate the remains of the still magnificent building which it represents, without being reminded of Milton's lines:

"He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stand like a tower; his form yet had not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd."

Medical Portrait Gallery. Biographical Memoirs of the most celebrated Physicians, Surgeons, &c. By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.I.S., &c. Parts VII. and VIII. Fisher and Co.

THIS publication, interesting to all classes, but especially to the professors of the healing art, proceeds with unabated vigour. The Parts under our notice contain portraits of Dr. Wm. Hunter, Dr. Jenner, Dr. Barron, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Baillie, and Dr. Bright. They are all much above mediocrity: that of Dr. Wm. Hunter is exceedingly beautiful. It is engraved by Thomson, from a picture by Pine, in the possession of Mrs. Baillie, and forcibly recalls Rogers's fine lines:

"Mark him well;
He meditates, his head upon his hand."

Treatise on Topographical Drawing. By S. Eastman, Lieutenant U. S. Army. New York. Wiley and Putnam.

MR. EASTMAN defines topographical drawing to be "the art of representing the appearance which the surface of the earth would present to an observer situated above, and looking vertically upon every part of it." He gives a number of rules for the practice of this art, and describes various modes (illustrated by plates) of distinguishing, in such drawings, either by linear or by other arbitrary signs, hills, rocks, flowing water, standing water, meadows, pasture, heath, woods, brushwood, cultivated ground, gardens, orchards, sand, plantations, vineyards, marshes, morasses, inundations, corn-fields, &c. It seems to us to be very probable that some of Mr. Eastman's suggestions might be found useful by the civil and military engineers of this country.

Hand-Book for Students of Art; containing a description of the Skeleton and the external Muscles of the Human Figure, with Illustrations on Wood. By J. A. Wheeler. Nattali.

THIS little work has been published "with the view of supplying what seemed, to the compiler, to be much wanted by Students of Art; viz. an illustrated pocket-hand-book of the bones and principal muscles of the human figure, arranged in a way suitable for the most easy reference; and thus to be particularly convenient for them while actually engaged in drawing." We remember many years ago to have seen a publication of a similar size and

character. It has, no doubt, been long out of print, and Mr. Wheeler's little work well supplies its place.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CASA'S DIRGE.

By W. D. Moir, Esq. (Delta.) *

VAINLY for us the sunbeams shine;
Dimm'd is our joyous hearth;
Oh, Casa! dearer dust than thine
Never mixed with mother earth:
Thou wert our corner-stone of love,
The keystone of our fate;
Thou art not!—heaven scowls dark above,
And earth is desolate.

Ocean may rave with billows curl'd,
And moons may wax and wane,
And fresh flowers blossom, but this world
Shall not claim thee again!
Closed are the eyes, which bade rejoice
Our hearts, till love ran o'er;
Thy smiles are vanished, and thy voice
Is hushed for evermore!

Yes, thou art gone! our hearth's delight,
Our boy so fond and dear,

No more thy smiles to glad our sight,
No more thy songs to hear;

No more thy presence like the sun
To fill our home with joy;

Like lightning hath thy race been run,
As swift, as bright, fair boy!

Now winter with its snow departs,
The green leaves clothe the tree,
But summer gladdens not the hearts
That bleed and break for thee.

The young May weaves her flowery crown,
Her boughs in beauty wave;
They only shake their blossoms down
Upon thy silent grave!

Dear to our souls is every spot,
Where thy small feet have trod;
Where odours, breathed from Eden, float,
And sainted is the sod;

The wild bee with its bugle fine,

The blackbird singing free,

Melt both thy mother's heart and mine—

They speak to us of thee!

Only in dreams thou comest now
From heaven's immortal shore,

A glory on that infant brow,

Which Death's pale signet bore;

'Twas thy fond looks, 'twas thy fond lips,

That lent our joys their tone;

And life is shaded with eclipse,

Since thou from earth art gone!

Were thine the fond endearing ways,
That tenderest feeling prove;

A thousand wiles to win our praise,

To claim and keep our love.

Fondness for us thrilled thy veins;

And, Casa, can it be,

That naught of all the past remains,

Except these tears for thee?

Idly we watch thy form to trace

In children on the street;

Vainly, in each familiar place,

We list thy pattering feet;

Then sudden o'er these fancies crush'd—

Despair's black pinions wave;

We know that sound for ever hush'd—

We look upon thy grave!

* We cannot insert this pathetic lament for a lost child, which nature and poetry are so finely combined, without expressing our deep personal regret that ever such an effusion was called forth—an effusion which will wring many a tear from the hearts of parents who have suffered a similar affliction.—Ed. L.G.

Oh, heavenly child of mortal birth !
Our thoughts of thee arise,
Not as a denizen of earth,
But inmate of the skies :
To feel that life renewed is thine,
A soothing balm imparts ;
We quaff as from Faith's cup divine,
And Sabbath fills our hearts.
Thou leanest where the fadeless wands
Of amaranth bend o'er ;
Thy white wings brush the golden sands
Of Heaven's resplendent shore.
Thy home is where the psalm and song
Of angels choir abroad,
And blessed spirits, all day long,
Bask in the eyes of God.

There chance and change are not ; the soul
Quaffs bliss as from a sea,
And years, through endless ages, roll,
From sin and sorrow free :
There gush for aye fresh founts of joy,
New raptures to impart ;
Oh ! dare we call thee still our boy,
Who now a seraph art ?

A little while—a little while—
Ah ! long it cannot be !
And thou again on us wilt smile,
Where angels smile on thee.
How selfish is the worldly heart,
How sinful to deplore !
Oh ! that we were where now thou art,
Not lost, but gone before !

Musselburgh, May 1838.

DRAMA.

Haymarket.—We last week addressed a languid share of attention to the drama, as it shaped itself in the various leading theatres at this period of the season ; "But However" we happened to have nothing to say to the Haymarket. This week it may nearly engross our dramatic criticism, for it has produced the only novelty, "But However," a light and lively one-act piece. The story is a slight filament, but there are so many smart and humorous touches in the dialogue, and Wrench is so entirely wide awake in a Jeremy Diddler character, that the farce was heard with much laughter, and at the end generally applauded, without a dissenting "But However," which happens, by the by, to be the name of the drama. It fills up a very pleasant hour between the *Maid of Mariendorf* and *Tom Noddy's Secret*, which latter well deserves to be communicated, personally, to every body in town. In *But However*, we guess the authorship to be in R— one of two faces which have been seen under a Hood. Nobody else could invent such jokes.

POOR VAN AMBURGH !

THIS daring man is not, as is generally believed, the owner of the wild beasts who perform at Drury Lane Theatre. They belong to an individual named Titus—not "The Clement"—for all that he allows Van Amburgh, for nightly running the risk of being torn to pieces by these lions, tigers, and leopards, is 5/- a week ! Van Amburgh has his sandals, toe and heel, armed by a sharp and powerful spur, with which he pricks his grisly companions into apparent submission ; and his head is rubbed with some unguent of which the *beastes* are remarkably fond, as is seen by their frequent licking it : an act which is supposed by the spectators—good easy people—to proceed from pure affection ! The manager taking for his motto, "No Song no Supper," does not allow the

brutes any *wittles* until after they have performed ; it is then they are fed. They are kept the whole of the day behind the scenes in the dark, and it is wonderful that the sudden exposure to the glare of the theatre, and especially of the foot-lights, does not turn them mad. In the more congenial atmosphere of Astley's they were comparatively well off, for they were during the day in the light and air. Van Amburgh says he will never be able to tame one of the tigers, it growls most ferociously at him ; the unfortunate man had his leg lately torn, but whether by this amiable cub, or one of the others, we know not.

Lines spoken by Miss Ellen Tree, at a Complimentary Benefit to the Manager of the Park Theatre, New York, October 1838. Written by Epes Sargent.

Thanks ! there is no illusion here—
Wit, wisdom, beauty—all appear :
And grace our house to-night ;
Oh, rich reward for labours done !
This tribute to the Drama's son—
This fair, inspiring sight !
Ah ! as in boxes and in pit,
A goodly company you sit,
Are there no treasured shapes that fit
Your fancy's gaze before ?
Shapes, which this stored dome recalls,
Which start from these half-conscious walls,
Past pleasures to restore ?
A mingled hand, I see them rise !
The home, the beautiful, the rose,
The guilty and the good !—
The drama's race !—they join on you
This night in rendering honour due
To him who gave them to your view,
In worthless state ended.

"Angels and ministers of grace !
Defend us !" is it Hamlet's face ?
Hamlet the Dane, I see !
He bends his melancholy eyes
On vacancy, and hark ! his sighs,
"To be or not to be ?"

Indignant Hotspur rushes by,
And Mortimer is still his cry—
Nought can his rage restrain,
Shylock gags forth—“ That is the law ?
Old Lear puts on his crown of straw,—
“ Richard's himself again !”

Ah ! Romeo ! Romeo ! is it thou ?
Fair Juliet hears thy honeyed vow
And yields to “ Love's young dream.”
And lo ! Macbeth with blood-stain'd hands !
And see where black Othello stands,
“ Perplexed in the extreme !”

Run ! run, Orlando ! Rosalind
Thy tributary verse shall find—
“ The inexpressive she !”
Fear not to tell of thy flame ;
And, if thou wilt, go carve her name
Upon the nearest tree.

Lo ! Brutus, with a fierce appeal,
O'er lost Lucretia lifts the steel,
And shouts, “ No more be slaves !”
And stern Virginius, pale and wild,
Folds to his breast his darling child,
Then thus—her honour saves !

Io ! seek not thy parent's life !—
He grasps the sacrificial knife,
And seems transfixed with wonder :
And, as the Fates of Argos roll
Their lurid terrors o'er his soul,
He asks—“ Was not that thunder ?”

But who is this that laughs and sings ?
‘Tis he, whose presence ever brings
To heavy hearts a healer :
The flower of Irish song and story,
Unmatch'd in comic *Poiver* and glory,
The laughing, loving, fighting Rory,

Armed with his stout shillelagh !
And, see ! (where shall we find their like ?)
There's Gertrude, and “ there's Peter Spyk !”
Who will not bid them hail ?

And hark ! what music fills our ears ?
Almina sings ! be mute, ye spheres !

And turn with envy pale !

What an astounded group is seen !
Where falls my Lady Teazle's screen !

To none but Charles a joke.
There Julia mourns her rash, rash choice—
But list ! that voice ! “ ‘Tis Clifford's voice,
If ever Clifford spoke !”

Ah, look ! the charming Bayadre
Comes floating like a thing of air
Into the magic lists !
A vision bright, a rainbow sprite,
A very “ phantom of delight !”

What heart her sway resists ?

And now the visionary throng
Hurry in brilliant trains along,
And *excuse*, “ as in fear ?”
It is the prompter's call they dread ;
For “ ever at that sound, ‘tis said,”
They vanish or appear.
I take the warning, but before
I vanish too, a few words more—
They cannot fail to please :—
Till all his shining stars grow dark,
Honour to Simpson” and the Park !
From hands and hearts like these !

VARIETIES.

Herne's Oak.—The tree in the Little Park at Windsor, to which the name of "Herne's Oak" has for some time been given, was blown down during the storm on Sunday night. From the following passage in the review in the *Quarterly of Loudon's Trees and Shrubs of Britain*, it would, however, appear that it was not entitled to the Shaksperian distinction which it enjoyed. " Among his anecdotes of celebrated English oaks, we were surprised to find Mr. Loudon adopting (at least, as we understood him) an apocryphal story about *Herne's Oak* given in the lively page of Mr. Jesse's 'Gleanings.' That gentleman, if he had taken any trouble, might have ascertained that the tree in question was cut down one morning by order of King George III., when in a state of great but transient excitement. The circumstance caused much regret and astonishment at the time, and was commented on in the newspapers. The oak which Mr. Jesse would decorate with Shaksperian honours stands at a considerable distance from the position of the true Simon Pure. Every old woman in Windsor knows all about the facts."

Irish Superstitions.—It is a well-known and accredited fact, that the fortunate finder of a four-leaved shamrock is expected to become immediately possessed of immense wealth. Many an Irish person has spent, and does spend, hours and days in vainly searching for this envied plant. What, then, will Mr. Lover say, who (in a note to his popular song on this subject) boldly asserts that "no such thing exists?" What will the Botanical Society, now lecturing at Newcastle? What, above all, will Crofton Croker say, when informed that no less than three specimens of this magic quatrefoil have, within this week, been found by a lady residing at Fulham. It will, no doubt, create still greater surprise to learn, that up to the present moment the delighted lady has reaped nothing more than the congratulatory addresses poured upon her by her numerous friends; by which, and the interesting anxiety of the circumstances, she is kept (as is said of a neighbourhood where mad dogs abound) "in a state of the greatest excitement."

Eel and Canary.—*Adelaide Gallery.*—Of animal attractions, whether striking or pleasing, this gallery can certainly, at present, boast of two very curious and interesting specimens. We had not an opportunity till this week to hear the *Canary* utter its words and sentences. It is a charming tiny creature, in full feather, yellow as a guinea, and speaks, or rather sings, quite plain, even passages so long as "Come, come, sweet pretty little Dicky : sweet pretty little dear, Dear Mary!" &c. We never saw a bird apparently more happy in the display of any accomplishment. The throat is swelled out in the proudest manner, and the fellow seems as rejoiced in his extraordinary talent as if he were a popular poet,—a lyrist like Moore or Lover. It is mentioned that the first indication of this faculty, i.e. expressing words, sprung spontaneously from the bird himself; which being noticed, and encouraged, and cul-

* The manager's name.

tivated by frequent repetition to him, he soon got his lessons perfectly. It is remarkable, that he is incited to go through them by the rustling of paper. Altogether the phenomenon is well worth a visit. The *Electric Eel* is a spectacle of another sort. He is an ugly, dark, flat-headed fish, about a yard long, and the thickness in the upper part of a man's wrist. The viscera are contained within the length of a few inches from the head, the vent being as it were in the throat below, and all the tail part solid. He is healthy and lively in his tub, and communicates the electric shock from the tail when touched or irritated by being handled. The shock is very severe; and we understand the experiments of Mr. Faraday and other scientific gentlemen promise (as they have already shewn) some important results. We have read, in some travels in South America (whence this has been brought), that these eels have caused death to horses or mules, whom they have attacked in fording rivers, and so benumbed their limbs that they have fallen to rise no more. We recently noticed, in the *Gazette*, some philosophical experiments made on the torpedo in Italy; to which we would refer the curious in this investigation.—See No. 1101.

Wilkieana.—Who has not admired the truthfulness and varied expression of the countenances of Wilkie's characters? And why? Because they are all portraits. One fine afternoon, he was walking with a friend along the New Road; at the end of one of the streets which run towards the *terra incognita* of Somers' Town, an old weather-beaten man had kept, time out of mind, an apple-stall; and at the corner of the next street, and within sight of each other, there was the old man's wife, with her stall of small ware. Wilkie saw the man was in raptures with his marked countenance, and immediately asked him if he would leave his stall, and go and have his picture taken, for which he should be paid? The old man stared. He thought it was a scurvy joke of the painter. Meantime the old lady saw what was going on, and, approaching the party, she soundly rated Wilkie and his friend. When she found, however, that they were serious, the latent pride of the old dame was fanned into a flame which had long lain still in her bosom. "Picture taken!" she exclaimed, in amazement. "By my troth!" said she, "if ye had seen him forty years ago, ye would have thought it worth taking." "My good woman," said Wilkie, "forty years ago it would not have answered my purpose." Matters were soon arranged; the old man gave the painter two or three sittings, for which he received five shillings each. He was the original of the *Neatherd* in the inimitable picture of "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage." Constable, R.A., if we mistake not, was the *Alfred*.

Steam Engines.—When so much of human ingenuity is turned towards the improvement of steam engines, and other means of transport connected with steam, we need not be surprised that almost every week brings to light the notice of some new invention of real or fancied value. We cannot doubt but that some great advance must be the result; and that mighty as already are the powers of steam, and curious the modes of its application, other yet greater powers will be developed, and other yet more extraordinary means be applied. The "Edinburgh Courant" states, that Mr. James Duncan, a watchmaker, at Glenluce, has constructed a small engine on the high pressure principle, so contrived that the steam acts twice on the cylinder before it escapes, by which

there is a saving of one-half of both the fuel and water which an engine of the same power would require.

The *Elna*, Captain Vidal, has returned from the survey of the African coast.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A New and Uniform Edition of the Rev. Robert Montgomery's Poetical Works, in a cheap form, is announced as about to appear in Glasgow. "Satan," we are told, will form the first volume.

The *Foreign Quarterly Review*.—In the last Number of this Improving periodical, we read, with interest, an article "On the Restoration of the Fine Arts in France," and especially as it contains the Report of the French Committee with considerable details. The papers on Silius's Dictionary also contains some curious hints and inquiries as to the origin of sculpture, in which Scripture is illustrated by Eastern researches upon the subject. The notice of Dr. Straus's book, to which we adverted at its publication, is able and effective; the errors of this so boasted writer meeting severe exposition. The article upon Polish poetry introduces a new race of poets to us, and is highly interesting from the extracts.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. VI., by J. Forster, Esq. (forming Vol. CXVIII. of Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopaedia,") fcap. 8vo. 6s.—Gems of Beauty, displayed in a Series of Engravings, with Illustrations in Verse, by the Countess of Blessington, imperial 4to. 11. 1s. 6d.—The Mabinogion, Part I., containing the Lady of the Fountain, Edited by Lady Charlotte Guest, royal 8vo. 8s.—Flügel's German and English Dictionary, second edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.—Present for an Apprentice, by a Citizen of London, 4s. 6d.—Maughan's Outlines of the Jurisdiction of all the Courts, 12mo. 5s.—Bentley's Library, Vol. I.; "Wild Sports of the West," 12mo. 6s.—Golgotha, or the Last Sayings of our Lord, by T. Hare, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Dr. Price's History of Nonconformity, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.—The Girl, 1838, Edited by Miss Weston, 12mo. 1s.—The Queen, 12mo. 1s.—Dr. Steggall's Manual for Apothecaries' Hall, ninth edition, 12mo. 6s.—The Amaranth, 1839, imperial 4to. 11. 1s. 6d.—White's Tithe Act, new edition enlarged, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Night of Toll, or First Missionary Labours, fcap. 6s.—W. Goodhough's Lectures on Biblical Literature, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—A Companion to the First Lessons, by J. D. Coleridge, LL.D., 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Ella, or the Emperor's Son, by the Hon. Mrs. Lambert, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s. 6d.—The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, edited by Dr. Vaughan, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 12s.—Crotchets in the Air, by J. Poole, Esq. 8vo. 5s.—A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tebary, by J. B. Fraser, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.—Exercises in Arithmetic, by G. Reynolds, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Gurney Married, a Sequel to Gilbert Gurney, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s. 6d.—Tranquill Hours, Poems by Mrs. E. Thomas, 12mo. 7s.—Ada, a Tale, by Mrs. Needham, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Lost Evidence, by H. D. Burdon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 25	From 42 to 57	29 99 to 29 92
Friday ... 26 51 .. 61	29 73 .. 29 86
Saturday .. 27 33 .. 59	29 85 .. 29 70
Sunday ... 28 47 .. 53	29 45 .. 29 19
Monday ... 29 44 .. 51	29 19 .. 29 53
Tuesday .. 30 35 .. 49	29 65 .. 29 70
Wednesday 31 37 .. 43	29 73 stationary

Wind, S.W.
Except the 29th and following day, generally cloudy; with frequent and heavy showers of rain.
Rain fallen, 1 inch and 4025 of an inch.

Hurricane.—On the morning of Monday, the 29th, from three to four, the wind blew with the most alarming and tremendous force, uprooting many trees and doing much damage to the roofs of houses; new and unfinished buildings were, in several instances, completely thrown down. It appears to be the general opinion that the violence of the wind, which was at its height shortly before four o'clock, is unprecedented. During the day the wind was variable; from five to nine, in the evening, S.E. and W. W. Judging chiefly from the nature of the devastation, we should say that the hurricane must have been from the S.W. Nearly 5 of an inch of rain fell between seven and ten on the evening of the 28th, with a gentle breeze from the S.E.

Periodic Meteors.—We beg to remind our readers that the return of the annual November fall of meteors may be expected from the 11th to the 15th instant; any observations as to time, number, and direction, will be of much service to meteorologists.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude .. 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

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